Songs and Masques
IN THE
TEMPEST.

Masque I. *in Act* II

1. *Dev.* WHere does the black Fiend, Ambition, reside,
With the mischievous Devil of Pride?
2 *Dev.* In the lowest and darkest Caverns of Hell,
Both Pride and Ambition must dwell.
3. *Dev.* Who are the chief Leaders of the damn'd Host?
4. *Dev.* Proud Monarchs, who tyrannize most.
1. *Dev.* Damned Princes there
The worst of torments bear.
2. *Dev.* Who in Earth all others in pleasures excell,
Must feel the worst torments of Hell.
Chor. of all. Who in earth all others, &c.
Here they are interrupted by the Speakers.
1. *Dev.* Tyrants by whom their Subjects bleed,
Should in pains all others exceed.
2. *Dev.* And barbarous Monarchs, who their Neighbours invade,
And their Crowns unjustly would get:
3. *Dev.* And such who their Brothers to death have betray'd,
In Hell upon burning Thrones shall be set.

2. *Dev.* In Hell, in Hell, with flames they shall reign,
And for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain.
Chor. of all. In Hell, in Hell, &c.

Here they are interrupted again.

1. *Dev.* Who are the Pillars of a Tyrants Court?
2. *Dev.* Rapine and Murder his Crown must support.
His cruelty does tread
On Orphans tender breasts, and Brothers dead.
3. *Dev.* Can Heav'n permit such Crimes shou'd be
Attended with felicity?
4. *Dev.* No: Tyrants their Scepters uneasily bear,
In the midst of their Guards they their consciences fear;
Care their minds when they wake unquiet will keep,
And we with dire Visions distu b all their sleep.
Chor. of all. Care their minds, &c.

Here they are interrupted again.

1. *Dev.* Say, say, shall we bear these bold Mortals from hence.
2. *Dev.* No, no, let us, show their degrees of offence.
3. *Dev.* Let's muster their crimes up on every side,
And first let's discover their Pride.

Enter Pride.

Pride. Lo here, here is pride, who first led them astray,
And did to Ambition their minds then betray.

Enter Fraud.

Fraud. And Fraud does next appear,
Their wandring steps who led,
When they from vertue fled,
They in my crooked paths their course did steer.

Enter Rapine.

Rapine. From Fraud to Force they soon arrive,
Where Rapine did their actions drive.

Enter

[*Enter Murder.*]

Murder. There long they could not ſtay,
Down the ſteep Hill they run
And to perfect the miſchiefs which they had begun,
To murder they bent all their way.

Chorus of all. Around, around we pace
About this curſed place;
While thus we circle in
Theſe Mortals and their ſin.

[*Exeunt.*

Fifth Devil riſes and ſings.

5. *Dev:* Ariſe, ariſe, ye ſubterranean Winds,
More to diſtract their guilty minds;
And all ye filthy Damps and Vapours riſe,
Which uſe t' infect the Earth, and trouble all the Skies:
Riſe you, from whom devouring Plagues have birth,
You that i'th' vaſt and hollow womb of Earth;
Engender Earthquakes, make whole Countries ſhake,
And ſtately Cities into Deſarts turn:
And you who feed the flames by which Earths Entrals burn.
Ye raging Winds, whoſe rapid force can make
All but the fix'd and ſolid Centre ſhake.
Come drive theſe Wretches to that part o'th' Iſle,
Where Nature never yet did ſmile.
Cauſe Fogs and Storms, Whirlwinds and Earthquakes there;
There let 'em howl and languiſh in deſpair;
Riſe, and obey the powerful Prince o'th' Air.

Dance of Winds.

Song I. *in Act* III.

COme unto theſe yellow Sands,
And then take hands,
Curſy'd when you have, and kiſs'd;
The wild Waves whiſt.
Foot it featly here and there,
And ſweet Sprights the burthen bear.
Hark! hark!
Bow waugh, the Watch-dogs bark.
Bow waugh. Hark! hark! I hear
The ſtrain of ſtrutting *Chanticleer*,
Cry, *Cock a doodle doo.*

Song II. *in Act* III.

FUll fathom five thy Father lies,
Of his Bones is Coral made:
Thoſe are Pearls that were his Eyes,
Nothing of him that does fade.
But does ſuffer a Sea-change
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange:
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his Knell;
Hark! now I hear 'em, *Ding dong Bell.*

Song III. *in Act* III.

DRy thoſe eyes which are o'rflowing,
All your ſtorms are overblowing;
While you in this Iſle are biding,
You ſhall Feaſt without providing:
Every Dainty you can think of,
Every Wine which you would drink of

Shall

Shall be yours: all want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres bleſſing ſo light on you.

Song IV. *in Eccho. in Act* IV.

Ferdinand. GO thy way.
Ariel. Go thy way.
Ferd. Why ſhouldſt thou ſtay?
Ariel. Why ſhouldſt thou ſtay?
Ferd. Where the Winds whiſtle, and where the Streams creep.
Ariel. Where the Winds, &c.
Ferd. Under yonder Willow-tree fain would I ſleep.
Ariel. Under yonder Willow, &c.
Ferd. Then let me alone, for 'tis time to be gone.
Ariel. Then let me alone, &c.
Ferd. What Cares or Pleaſures can be in this Iſle.
Ariel. What Cares or, &c.
Ferd. Within this deſart place
There lives no Humane Race.
Ariel. Within this deſart, &c.
Ferd Fate cannot frown here, nor kind Fortune ſmile.
Ariel. Kind Fortune ſmiles, and ſhe
Has yet in ſtore for thee
Some ſtrange felicity.
Follow me, follow me, and thou ſhalt ſee.

Maſque II. *in Act* V.

Neptune *and* Amphitrite, Oceanus *and* Tethys } *riſe out of the Sea in a Chariot drawn with Sea-horſes: on each ſide of the Chariot, Sea-gods and Goddeſſes, Tritons and Nereides.*

Amph. MY Lord: Great *Neptune*, for my ſake,
Of theſe bright Beauties pity take:

And

And to the reſt allow
Your mercy too.
Let this inraged Element be ſtill,
Let *Eolus* obey my will:
Let him his Boyſtrous Priſoners ſafely keep
In their dark Caverns, and no more
Let 'em diſturb the Surges of the Deep,
Till theſe arrive upon their wiſh'd-for Shore.

Neptune. So much my *Amphitrite*'s Love I prize,
That no commands of hers I can deſpiſe.
Tethys no furrows now ſhall wear,
Oceanus no wrinkles on his brow,
Let your ſereneſt looks appear!
Be calm and gentle now.

Nep. & *Amph.* Be calm, ye great Parents of the Flouds and the Springs,
While each *Nereide* and *Triton* Plays, Revels, and Sings.

Oceanus. Confine the roaring Winds, and we
Will ſoon obey you cheerfully.

Chorus of Tritons and Ner. Ty up the Winds, and we'l obey,
Upon the Flouds we'l ſing and play,
And celebrate a *Halcyon* day. [*Dance.*

Nept. Great Nephew *Æolus* make no noiſe,
Muzle your Roaring Boys. [*Æolus appears.*

Amph. Let 'em not bluſter to diſturb our ears,
Or ſtrike theſe Noble Paſſengers with fears.

Nept. Afford 'em onely ſuch an eaſie Gale,
As pleaſantly may ſwell each Sail.

Amph. While fell Sea-monſters cauſe inteſtine jars,
This Empire you invade with forreign Warrs.

Nept But you ſhall now be ſtill,
And ſhall obey my *Amphitrites* will.

Æolus deſcends. You I'll obey, who at one ſtroke can make,
With your dread Trident the whole Earth to quake.
Come down, my Bluſterers, ſwell no more,
Your ſtormy rage give o'er
Let all black Tempeſts ceaſe — *Winds from the four Corners appear.*
And let the troubled Ocean reſt:

Let

Let all the Sea enjoy as calm a peace,
As where the *Halcyon* builds her quiet Neſt.
To your Priſons below,
Down, down you muſt go:
You in the Earths Entrals your Revels may keep;
But no more till I call ſhall you trouble the Deep.
[*Winds fly down.*
Now they are gone, all ſtormy Wars ſhall ceaſe:
Then let your Trumpeters proclaim a Peace.

Amph. *Tritons*, my Sons, your Trumpets ſound,
And let the noiſe from Neighbouring Shores rebound.

Chorus. Sound a Calm.
Sound a Calm.
Sound a Calm.
a Calm.
Sound a Calm.

[*A ſhort Symphony of ſoft Muſick, like Trumpets.*

Nept. See, ſee, the Heavens ſmile, all your troubles are paſt,
Your joys by black Clowds ſhall no more be o'rcaſt.

Amph. On this barren Iſle ye ſhall loſe all your fears,
Leave behind all your ſorrows, and baniſh your cares.

Both. And your Loves and your Lives ſhall in ſafety enjoy;
No influence of Stars ſhall your quiet deſtroy.

Chor. of all. And your Loves, &c.
No influence, &c.

Oceanus. We'l ſafely convey you to your own happy Shore,
And yours and your Countrey's ſoft peace we'l reſtore.

Tethys. To treat you bleſt Lovers, as you ſail on the Deep,
The *Trytons* and *Sea-Nymphs* their Revels ſhall keep.

Both. On the ſwift Dolphins backs they ſhall ſing and ſhall play;
They ſhall guard you by night, and delight you by day.

Chorus of all. On the ſwift, &c.
And ſhall guard, &c.

Dance.

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Song V. *in Act* V.

WHere the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I,
In a Cowſlips Bell I lie;
There I couch when Owls do cry,
On the Swallows wings I flie,
After Summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily ſhall I live now,
Under the Bloſſom that hangs on the Bough.

F I N I S.